

**THE ENGLISH SCHOOL**  
**ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS 2014**

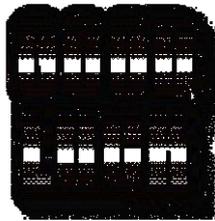


**ENGLISH**

**Year 1 (native speakers) Time allowed: 1 hour and 15 minutes**

**GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS**

1. ANSWER **ALL** THE QUESTIONS IN THE SPACES PROVIDED ON THE QUESTION PAPER.
2. MAKE SURE YOU FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS CAREFULLY.
3. WRITE NEATLY.
4. WRITE IN CORRECT ENGLISH.



*This paper is 10 pages.*

Total Marks: 100



## SECTION A:

### Evaluating writing skills through Creative Writing (30 marks)

You are advised to spend **about 30 minutes** on this section.

Choose **ONE** of the following questions and write about **220- 250 words**. Keep in mind the importance of

- *vocabulary*
- *expression*
- *accuracy*
- *planning*
- *content*

*Write an interesting beginning and a good closing paragraph. Give vivid descriptions of place, characters, feelings and thoughts.*

1. Read the extract from a poem below and, based on the messages and ideas you get from it, write about an experience you have had (it could be an imaginary experience).

Life is something we all share,  
just like oxygen, in the air.  
The way we live it, is up to us,  
with a negative or with a plus.

OR

2. Write what happened on a day when you woke up and found 3 strange creatures in your room painting your walls.



OR

3. Write a mystery story that includes an ancient coin, a horse, three people and a deserted house.

OR

4. "Write injuries in sand, kindnesses in marble". Write a story illustrating the proverb.









## Section B: Reading Comprehension and Usage (55 marks)

Read the text below and complete the tasks that follow:

*From “Alone on a Wide, Wide Sea by Michael Morpurgo. Michael Morpurgo is a very well-known children’s writer. Between 2003 and 2005 he was appointed British Children’s Laureate. His books have been translated in many languages and they are read by children all over the world.*



I should begin at the beginning, I know that. But the trouble is that I don’t know the beginning. I wish I did. I do know my name, Arthur Hobhouse. Arthur Hobhouse had a beginning, that’s for certain. I had a father and a mother too, but God only knows who they were, and maybe even he doesn’t know for sure. I mean, God can’t be looking everywhere all at once, can he? So where the name Arthur Hobhouse comes from and who gave it to me I have no idea. I don’t even know if it’s my real name. I don’t know the date and place of my birth either, only that it was probably in Bermondsey, London, sometime in about 1940.

The earliest memories I have are all confused somehow, and out of focus. For instance, I’ve always known I had a sister, an older sister. All my life she’s been somewhere in the deepest **recesses** either of my memory or my imagination—sometimes I can’t really be sure which—and she was called Kitty.

When they sent me away, she wasn’t with me. I wish I knew why. I try to picture her, and sometimes I can. I see a pale delicate face with deep dark eyes that are filled with tears. She is giving me a small key, but I don’t remember what the key is for. It’s on a piece of string. She hangs it round my neck, and tells me I’m to wear it always. And then sometimes I hear her laugh, an **infectious** giggle that winds itself up into a **joyous cackle**. My sister cackles like a kookaburra. She comes skipping into my dreams sometimes, singing London Bridge is Falling Down, and I try to talk to her, but she never seems to be able to hear me. Somehow we’re always just out of reach of one another.

All my earliest memories are very like dreams. I know that none of them are proper memories, none that I could really call my own anyway. I feel I’ve come out of half-forgotten, half-remembered times, and I’m sure I’ve often filled the half-forgotten times with made-up memories. Perhaps it’s my mind trying to make some sense of the unknown. So I can’t know for certain where the made-up ones end and the real ones begin. All the earliest childhood memories must be like that for everyone I suppose,

but maybe mine are more **blurred** than most, and maybe that's because I have no family stories to support them, no hard facts, no real evidence, no certificates, not a single photograph.

It's almost as if I wasn't born at all, that I just happened. Arthur Hobhouse is a happening. I've been a happening for sixty-five years, or thereabouts, and the time has come now for me to put my life down on paper. For me this will be the birth certificate I never had. It's to prove to me and to anyone else who reads it that at least I was here, that I happened.

I am a story as well as a happening, and I want my story to be known, for Kitty to know it—if she is still alive. I want her to know what sort of a brother she had. I want Zita to know it too, although she knows me well enough already, I reckon, warts and all. Most of all I want Allie to know it, and for her children to know it, when they come along, and her children's children too. I want them all to know who I was, and that I was a happening and I was a story too. This way I'll live on in them. I'll be part of their story, and I won't be entirely forgotten when I go. That's important to me. I think that's the only kind of immortality we can have, that we stay alive only as long as our story goes on being told. So I'm going to sit here by the window for as long as it takes and tell it all just as I remember it.

They say you can't begin a story without knowing the end. Until recently I didn't know the end, but now I do. So I can begin, and I'll begin from the very first day I can be sure I really remember. I'd have been about six years old....There were dozens of us on the ship, all ages, boys and girls, and we were all up on deck, leaving Liverpool, gulls **wheeling** and crying over our heads, calling goodbye. I thought they were waving goodbye. None of us spoke. It was a grey day with drizzle in the air, the great sad cranes bowing to the ship from the docks as we steamed past. That's all I remember of England....

We were all going to Australia that was all I knew for certain. All of us had been specially chosen from all the orphans in England to go out and live in Australia. Australia was a brand new country where there hadn't been a war, where there hadn't been **bombings** and rationing, where there was lots of food to eat, huge parks to play in, and beaches to.

*By Arthur Hobhouse (brother of Kitty, and Marty, son of Aunty Megs, husband of Zita, father of Allie.)*

*(It is estimated that between 1947 and 1967 somewhere between 7000 and 11,000 orphaned British children were sent to Australia. Arthur Hobhouse was sent there after World War II, in 1946).*



*Kookaburra: a bird indigenous to Australia.*

Complete the following tasks using full sentences (unless otherwise instructed) and in your own words as far as possible.

1. Write three things about Arthur Hobhouse that you have learnt from the passage.

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(3 marks)

2. What does Arthur Hobhouse say about his earliest memories?

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(3 marks)

3. Who are Zita and Allie?

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(2 marks)

4. Why was Arthur Hobhouse sent to Australia?

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(2 marks)

5. What two things does Arthur remember about Liverpool?

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(2 marks)

6. Explain the meaning of the following words/phrases (use one word or a short phrase) in bold as they are used in the text:

- **Recesses** \_\_\_\_\_
- **Infectious** \_\_\_\_\_
- **Joyous cackle** \_\_\_\_\_
- **Blurred** \_\_\_\_\_
- **Wheeling** \_\_\_\_\_
- **Bombings** \_\_\_\_\_

(6 marks)



11. Underline the correct pronoun in the sentences below:

- This is *my/mine/mino*s and that is *your/yours/your's*.
- *These/this* book is great, but *that/those* one is boring.
- The books are *ours/our*, but the iPod is *their/theirs/them*.
- *Her/Hers* room is very neat but *his/his's* is untidy.

(4 marks)

12. Complete the following sentences with the correct **prepositions**:

- The sweets were divided \_\_\_\_\_ the three children.
- I cannot come \_\_\_\_\_ five o'clock.
- He ran \_\_\_\_\_ the house.
- The architect designed a flat roof \_\_\_\_\_ the building.
- The athletes ran relentlessly \_\_\_\_\_ the track.
- Our house is \_\_\_\_\_ that hill.

(6 marks)





